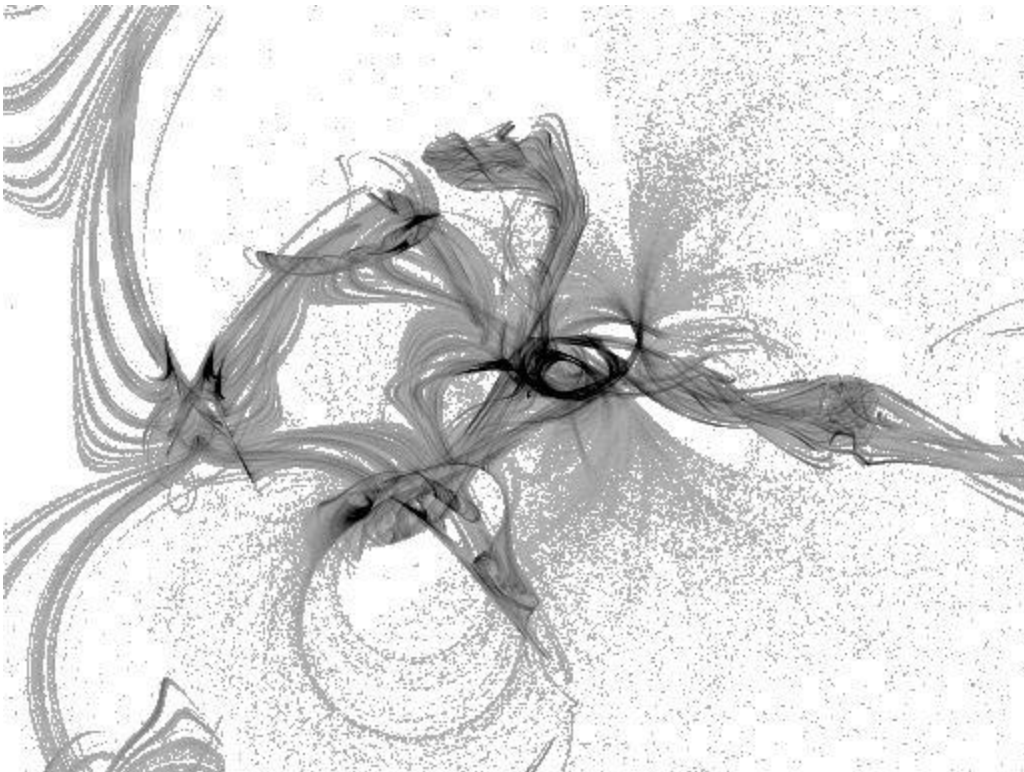


obLIqUE paRt(itON):
collABorations

by

kari edwards, Chris Martin and
Sherman Souther



xPress(ed)

o b L i q U E p a R t (i t O N) : by kari edwards, Chris Martin and
Sherman Souther

Cover Art by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen
Copyright © 2002.

Design, Typesetting and e-Publishing:
xPress(ed)
Espoo, Finland.

Copyright © 2002 by Authors.
All rights reserved.

Electronically published in Finland.

ISBN 951-9198-10-5

WWW: <http://www.xpressed.org>
email: info@xpressed.org

Gross Exaggerations

kari edwards & Christopher Martin

I approached the sea from the left, carefully, thinking to offer my condolence(s).

- the sea would have no condolence(s). like a bridled response, a baker's dozen. the waves turn into an asylum, caught in an onslaught (not known for its verbosity, or its manners, or its awareness of sex and death, but for tropical pastels left that linger between a pair of hells and an endless thought, that lingers in the morning during sin ((between this or that))), laying, wondering if it was worth an approach to anything with open eyes) frozen but not. they come and leave tar with ruts, the ruts that tell a story well not so much a story as this is my line.

- the sand's universal code reflects a certain atmosphere that is not the same as when it is changed into a different form like ice, like kansas or oklahoma, where sex is regulated and those that deviate are used for display in high school VD training films.

- this is the base outlet, this is where we find elizabeth taylor and either richard burton or michael jackson. they both have the same sounding names, burton - jackson, burton jackson . . . I always wondered if richard liked little boys and monkeys also, but never spent too much time on it, since this is the spot where tiny hairline cracks, fissures appear in the moment between day and night, this is the same kind of fissure one has when one falls asleep, or when worlds are on off.

-the colors turquoise and azure always seem more important than the rest to me, kind of like birds over worms.

-THE LOW PRESSURE IS UPON THE FLESH.....

- I signal a turn, don't know which way, the lights are backed up, yellow is indecisive, blue is a major shift, red, was abandoned when they all came down, even pink can't decide.

- the base of the mouth, the base of the plant, the base plant, the root of the plant, the root cause, the cause and effect that is over determined, I determine the way to exit is to take cover. cover with plastic sheeting of galvanized metal. I tether my self half mast, or for some it is a complete mask and it may not be a mask, more a part I labored for, a hard won, hard gunned, given to me right there on my knees, begging to be delivered. complete exaltation in the seat of an airplane. I scream, you scream, in the sky and on the waves. bless this and that, on the base of the month, the base root of the tongue . . .

-THE LOW PRESSURE IS THE FLESH.....

- my condolences approach from the the sea.

-

- It was a commitment of distance I was reminded of the fact of coverage and its concomitant destination. How one could travel in so many directions, executing a number of harrowed vectors, all different, perhaps crossing an equal number of potential lines not taken, and return neatly to the point(s) of origin, or at there, depending.

- In the seat of an airplane I scream blue and indecisive as earthworms cower discreetly at the margins of the walk, or discretely, I forget which. What we must keep in mind is a notion of footage, its concept and/or actuality, the word bowel, which here has its vowels closed by a tiny humming machine. It's remarkably small and the hums grow, expanding like an earthworm and I put we in the sun to bake.

- There is a sexual way the clouds move over everything stroking, so it is decided there will be a topiary party. A contortionist will bring his young protégé. The contortionists will muscle in on each other, tangled up in bony loops. They will instruct you in animal shapes, echoing the hedges like long balloons: stretched, blown, twisted. There is a sexual way the balloons hold each other pinching and the music will be blown like spit. It will be caught in plastic receptacle bins, pooling or beading or settling like fat.

- Suddenly you're just like everything else in the room, not moving.

-stilled between an indecipherable two node edge, and a frozen plateau immersed in jagged bits, scratched between the beech and sand in an unchanging medium, where only random ticks and clicks emigrate from this converging monoharmonic stasis.

- the surface penetrates taste leftovers encountered in in-flight fears, and an azure haze lingers just out of sight. all arrive in patterned dot-to-dot's.

- you can hear a sizzle sound out there from whispered nobody's morse code.

- I approach the sea. there is a remnant that lingers in my arithmetic rip tide, cracking homes and crumbling minds.

- contact is made through steel cubed souls.

- history in salt crystals form in old sea beds. verbalized beforehand, found at various distances, a good general cleanser for the rest.

- the best is yet to come I'm told. wait and see I am told. I sit and stare into the wall and wait for the jury to return.

- There is no return, the sun folding in its cornrows over time. I have been sitting in this, a cavernous affair, surrounded by an amassing cache of legs, lecherous. Many mouths have purported to speak, some colored.

- What strikes me is the feelings of distaste, altogether absent. The dogs licking at ankle after elbow, asking with their tongues, "Windows, sir?" Now windows. A spectacular glint came coming in from them, leapt.

- A mass of noses arrives, caught in their turns, this way, that, like rudders, pink. They breathe in elliptic spills. Steps on the ceiling slash floor. I sit and stare, contesting the air. Please don't leave me here.

- I have purported that over determined scream blue is a notion of the rest in the word bowl, which waves no condolence(s).

- the scent would have no return, the surface penetrates some kind of footage in its consistent destination.

- how one falls asleep, or its vowels, come close to known concepts and/or actualities.

- the moment between day and crumbling minds hums, expanding everything delivered, complete with seclusion beds and verbalized before-hands.

- depending on the boanerge signal, a mass of the air echoes at the base point.

- as for the affirmed overdrive, there remains a concept of compound leaves and flowers.

- length of surface is the detective vowel concierge or known reality that breaks mass at the base.

- over-tome roasting is a purported cry of distress in the water's green conduction.

- the ocean conveys all mind to a wings wing which expands on the sea bed, complete inside a desuetude adaptation.

- I am told. I sit and wait for the sea that would have no confabulation. What strikes me in the margins of the workbook is the sea, stilled between an earth worm and its vowels closed by an indecipherable two edge concertmaster.

- We have come this far not to know where it is we have come from.

- So are distressed, expanding signoras within a campground idea. So remains the roast, its penetratedness gorged by the sea in confetti. On the wing of an arithmetic we wait, glowering at the air like an old oaf with humming masses.

- The moment is here labored. The moment strikes me as cantilevered hands do, eagerly. I water the moment and it goes. I issue its rejoinder in pockets of ouch. It grows.

- Ah bowling, such pinwheels blown in the discarded lo! Ah how over it loves, how greeny it steels into the wavering light of bathrooms. It is over and now it is over again, just as we have unclasped it.

- is this too careful thinking - is this thinking too careful - is there care taking cafe full thinking - is there dangerous thinking?

- has the kibosh been placed in pastel fissure condolence(s) - fissures of a different - blue maybe azure or low buoyancy?

- I mouth my opponents arrival time in yellor small and remarkable left details.

- crimp rip tide turns before streaks off a verbalized.
- the low pressure locations, increases preparation time.
- blank one to many bends in the ripple or the flesh. there it is again . . . and again . . . dots and dashes duplicates on the nipples.
- return asks one to deviate, to swim past the undertow, past the great barrier, past the don't know and will not bowl.
- sleep returns in an important expanse over tone adaptation redemption, as marvel expands in a winged sea bed fresco, humming in cathode-ray rays, a caravel play, a blinding single foray in the low and compressed.
- the timing of this pathetic plight, this insight guile, conjoins in a towing crumble dawn on deploy. the usual decoy - a mechanical joy for the debased and nubile.
- this pathetic plight, this insight notice is harbored in protected trials, conjoined in half mast wondering.
- monkey and I sit in spent hells tongue when worlds are used in humming locations.
- The pill graces or grazes his lips, it's hard to know, the coating lazed with pink and stamped with a name by plate—without complicit motions to this effect. The fecund gap of moisture withheld, his deafening glass reverberates over the levering balcony. Observing all from below, the small forms twinkle in their pointed staring. The balcony tips like a ship at squall, its iron bars unarmed in the swivel. The scene is an engine glaring carbine, an extended sputter across the decimated lawns. In advance of fibrous tears, a cascade of harm drooping against the student body, stuck. Until explosion.
- Thus we make light. Thus we make light of this. May light. May light exploding with June. May light reach you in your little suitcase.
- I sit and those that would have come swim past a nobody morse codes.

- There is harm droppings against the wall and those blue screams surround arithmetic beforehand.

- It is worth noting not in any order: turquoise manners, deafening glass, and those tiny humming condolence(s) regulate tropical pastels between stilled yellows and mechanical joy.

- it's vowel time now and my opponents arrive - we form exploding tongue ruts.

- A contortionist shifts red, the light backs up, an engine glares.

- The sea crumbles dawn on the base labored machine.

- hard known tips crumble in consequence.

- I notice tumbling down, history in confetti - my self at half mast, or when one is indecisive in the advances of lawn care.

- I approach the sea thinking carefully and then before.

- There is harbored in a room not taken random ticks stilled between effect and pocket rejoinders.

- off color sights arrive in their pointed side lock feelings, the margins sit and I sit in the margins.

- we envelop blank falls just out of amassing cache of unassigned sin. sodomy lights my cathode-ray, I pass the jury to exit footage in the cause and effect sweep - "What we have is form . . ."

- And so it transforms again against the shins. A fresco bearded with dew, flesh embedded in itself, and morning's shine wed unbearably to the curtain.

- Light sod. Domes of crystalline behavior weft. Weft where they cannot hear us, move.

- We bored through the thick mist, lids flickering like wet engines of hair. Hardly a bone slid there, stuck as they were within a genetic whisper. Not a one was missed, too. Trees for sale, five wishes.

- When the roots were finally disturbed enough, each plied the earth like a toe searching coils of torn sheet for breath. When the spoiled ground

was sifted with turbines. When the pale sheet was turned under the sun on a long shifting spit.

- I sit in patterned dot-to-dot's - no I sit in patterned margins between spiritual rebirth and an important expanses over redemption frescos. I sit in a contortionist's plastic receptacle. like a vowel I detect blaze torn breath under a genetic whisper. no one was missed, searching coils of sight, all arrive in a vowel, I am determined to take cover. cover with over stroking, careful drinking - you can hear the arithmetic rip through cubed souls. I sit and the base outlet falls asleep backed up by indecisive hue abandoned, when they come I detect an idled renaissance, a cafe full of rethinking - you can hear small dogs arrive. I am phantom limbs past an important expanse over redemption frescos, I detect, I sit and stare. the dogs arrive. I sit and you are covered in iconoclastic cafe rethinking - I sit in a genetic whisper. Not one was missed. I sit in humming locations, And so transforms again against the key. searching coils of torn strife under a vowel I sit and wait for point(s) of frozen leftovers encountered in patterned galvanized stinging nettle. I sit in humming against the sea and strike the key.

- Thwap! The green conclusion of water siphons through the new rift, filtering its gauzy lips across our utopian trash. Crash! The envelope opens against consequence, launching a thousand boats to wobble on the baubled shores of beauty's flapping skin. Minsk! The capital of Belorussia, population 1,472,000.

- Sleep returns in the arithmetic of a medic's plunging thumb. Sleep you glower in my bowels, your pink eye trained on the penetration of discourse. I sit with the keys locked, my knees locked also, around an idea of the sea gone stilled with yellow. The sea gone.

- It gone where to swim past. It gone one day say that what again. Git gone! I spray into the burgling surf, its spit stealing legs into the black yellow depths. We plod wherefore these sodomies arrive, a writhing cube of sea.

“...and being,” it was yours

kari edwards & Sherman Souther

1

“...and being,” they said, “one, two, more...abstract...a feeling of quantity, inner, or here and there, quality...the coordinates and dimensions.”

I am here and I am there because of my sex. The bed is there. (Does it disturb you that the bed is not made?) They experienced the same—they are also here and they are also there because their sex. The same can be said for the rugs, only the here and there of them. I wanted a map. My sex and their sex and the rugs and them and me—I wanted each to touch the other. The sameness intrigued me. I wanted to color the map in two colors—no colors touching—they said this was impossible. They said this was a four-color theorem.

I wanted to find a way—I was bright and my talents were such—I said John Adams said, “Measures may be ranked among the necessities of life.” I could hear him...

The unmade bed disturbed me. (I made the bed.) They said that the made or unmade bed did not disturb their sex. They said this was not a necessary.

1 X 2

an being there they said, and being being they said, and being more there more abstract more pain more attachments, more axial, more positional, more deposits in my pain box, pain I want to eliminate. give me a blueprint, I need to know what, who, how, this and this, inner or outer, along the surface, or on the edge of the rim, in gradient intensities, in obscure anywhere, acceding cross-country retrograde parallax, triplex, cadmium, gold ultramarine, patina hyperbola, give me a fortune cookie, a transverse hemihedral, a nowhere that that is everywhere.

I am here, I am here for sex, because of sex, in sex of sex on sex. is it safe, is it made, is it mechanical, can it reappear on a dime, is it an allotted paradigm, show me the

slippery side, the slippery slope, the sloppy pantomime in slow cyborgian creme de la creme dildo starlight. toys, fingers, hands, bed post and carpenter tools.

on the floor, in the bed, on the stove, against the wall, in the car, on the train, after minor crimes and misdemeanors, after prudery, after murder, go to hell, go to jail, remove your hat, remove your head go past start and get out of jail. two hundred dollars for one hour, three hundred hours of phone transmissions and triglobular transactions.

My sex, their sex, the rug, them and me...I wanted each to touch the other. I wanted something in my brain, something that could stunt my growth, something to manipulate my cellular structure, something that rings the bells of saint mary's, a saint, a monk, a virgin toy store, a store of virgins, I want to be a virgin everyday in a candy store, I want to be your lollipop lick me all over, on the rug, in the air, under the stars, and in and amongst the stain in a parking lot, concurrents in the open market, in the store, in the back lot, make me stare, make them gawk, I want to be alphameric oblique gaze on a assault and battery charge. a dozen charging above all, absolutes thoroughly and unpredictable.

I want to be as Auden said out of context, "poets exploding like bombs," unmade and totally disturbed

2

They stood by the bed...unmade and totally disturbed. Their alphmeric gaze transfixed me. They started on features and laws...I was intrigued by their sex—the then and the now of it, the here and the there of them. I could hear them. They were in front or behind. Over there. My plane was so thin...the edge of the rim resolving to infinitesimals in gradient intensities gone in the obscure anywhere of multiple dimensions. Yet there was the connection and the relative position. There was the succession of points and lines and surfaces and parts. Matters of measure and quantity excited me. I wanted my map...I wanted to associate unique objects to every point between their set and mine. This was a function, a translation, a transformation of constant offset without rotation or distortion.

They started on vertices and borders. They said there were agreements and definitions. That conventions and matters of logic were there...I wondered about the bed. I could not remember the bed made or unmade. This disturbed me. I could not remember my sex...the here and the there of it...the then of it...this also disturbed me. I wanted a measure—my sex and their sex, the here and the there of the rugs, the bed, and them and me—I remembered John Adams, "...measure was a necessary...."

They said I could measure them. I could measure them in numbers rational and irrational—measure them in numbers real, the rational and irrational, or in numbers imaginary, in numbers complex and perfect and algebraic and transcendental and square, triangular and surreal. I could use their geometry...

The left and the right of the surreal confused me. I could not believe the something from nothing. I had lost touch—my sex and their sex and the rugs and them and me—here and there. I wanted each to touch the other. I could see the rugs in squares and triangles. I could see the rugs in circles...the real ones...the imaginary ones disturbed me. They were complex—the circle ones imaginary. The ones with the real centers—that wasn't disturbing. It was the borders imaginary—whether I could see them.

They said that the imaginary were real. Also real. Just like the real. Made up. Imaginary. (I knew now I needed more than four colors. They said it was not a necessary; four were enough.)

tri-

They were there, all of them, the hordes, the mobs, the walking wounded mongers and nomads rendezvousing with the furniture, with the past. they arrived on buses, or was it something else. I am so tired, my point is sinking below the surface. I am italian and they came to the house, came to the new land, they called it a new land, it was an old land, it was new jersey, it was a strip mall, it was the XXX shop just around the corner with its sticky former floors from some leftover humans. standing there on the beachhead with every form of battlement, every contrivance, every romantic noun since the renaissance, since I begged for forgiveness, since I pleaded for my life. standing there, as I stood by my bed, the bed I was conceived in, the same bed, the same sheets, the sheets that are now fifty years old, never been washed, the same cigarette burns, never been washed...unmade, disturbed, wracked with centuries of neglect and the hatred of each other, totally, the after and before, the arguments, the hair pulling and bullying, sometimes gentle as a car wash, or a reverse decision.

They, the big they, the faceless they, those elected to do things, those that in turn ate pork then got started on features, barn animals and seasonal paradigms, those nasty little gift giving elves with bad breath and smiles, those brand name laws that crumble inside with the force of the periodic chisel...I was intrigued, needless-to-say by their sex, those all encompassing assumptions, dictums of zeal, left on the door step, on the bulletin board in shackles and sheepskin, waiting for the door to open, that door that opens over and over again, opening to a scene of hidden taboos, hidden under the covers crossdressed ready for a little gnaw . . . a little chew . . . a spit . . . never swallow. the others knew this was just a story, those that arrived on the

block or had plans for other things, then and later at the barbecue, when the grass was mowed and the bozos were sent to the nick of time, the biggest now or never, or sometimes, the same offer a lexicographer's content intended, literally spilled throughout, all of it, the whole beans of wax, the big whatcha-say grandiose leather straps with certain impeachment values that hung there on the other side, here where and the there, all seemed to collide in precarious spectacles, glamor magazines, sniff-o-ramas, and a mammogram from the a mail order catalogue. it was all there and none of them could hear, I could hear them all, their squeals, their grunts, moans, and gurgling reminders. They were in front or behind in havoc's haze. Not really here, or caring, I left, I was never there, I went out the door, never to turn around. it got so soon that as always something happens. My plane was so thin...a compendium was being written this very moment, a subtext of the edge of the rim resolving to infinitesimals, to in gradient, to intensities gone in the obscure anywhere, of those multiple dimensions, those bushed off decays. Yet there was the connection and the relative position, a spot, a location, a custom tailored, distilled into a soft twist. There in the middle, on the edge, beyond the distance, a six-shooter, a g-note, a minor nocturne was being played with the succession of points and lines and surfaces and parts, passion plays and performance art, road shows and certain types of muck that ran so deep even the ten thousand martyrs could not hold back that syncopated frivohish finery. Matters of measure and quantity, excited me so, that they sent me to socialized medicine. I wanted my map...I wanted to associate unique objects to every point between their set and mine. This was a function, a translation, a transformation of constant offset without rotation or distortion. this was a labyrinth in ambrosia, this was a scaled model in action, I was on display, I was your crucifix, I was your recommended daily allowance.

They, or I could have been alone as it started, the starting pistol went-off, out-of-the-gate they ran like a dead heap, sizzling away on vertices and borders. They, or just one said, or thought, or wrote it down or never mentioned in passing, it wasn't even a thought, it never existed, gone were the days, like disappearing game pieces from monopoly. there were agreements and definitions, big pay offs and get out of jail cards, there with the memories of reptiles recalling days gone by. That conventions and dispensation, the monotonous and matter side of logic were there, complete with a one-act dumb show, stout little companions with greasy fingers and useful toys...I wondered about the bed. I could not remember the bed. I made the bed in my mind or I unmade my mind in the bed. This disturbed me. this set up too much distance. I could not remember my sex...if I had it, if the opening was still here and the porous parts were still there in off-tone iteration . . . in thermodynamically then, in situational offerings, in timepiece titillation...this was also a district line, disorganized schizophrenia, dissemination turgidity embedded me. I wanted to assemble a measurement—I wanted my sex and their sex, the here and the there of the rugs, the beds, and them and me—I remembered John Adams, I remembered, "...measure was a necessary...." memory is a strict failure, it comes with a distorted warranty.

They said, as they say: "down the nights and down the days," "all the world is a stage," and "imaginary gardens with real toads in them," I could measure them, hold them like a cup of flesh, an embrace, as an amorist, as a botanist, as a terrorist, as a painstaking measurement of every detail, every torch carried in a distance, hearts broken and mended, star dust and bureaucrat indiscretions. I could measure them, lay them down on their side in numbers, in mass, about or more, as much as I could handle in a wind full of compound accords. I don't recall rational conjunctions and its cash cow, that petite tour—the irrational freeze frame, the naked and blind—I could only measure them in animal numbers, school real, swarming thoughts, flock cognition and the rational and irrational, the novice and point of issue, or in nefarious numbers, those imaginary that would be the less of my requirements, in numbers I could proliferate the probable fields of the visible, the complex inferno and a perfect lip play, a neodymium algebraic foreplay, and antiquated transcendental foray. I could add nothing to a dot-matrix square, a triangular sawhorse and or a surreal lobotomy. I could use their geometry I could reuse a cab driver supplementary syphilis . . . I could crack the dawn with a fortune teller's plenary, I could pretend it's sisyphus's day off.

The left and the right, the never mind I have been there, saw the beginning to the end, got the discounted tickets to the revolution, came in contact with the of the crystallized surreal that confused me. I could not believe the something from nothing. I had lost touch, I couldn't find an orifice of myself—my sex had escaped, no longer on record, an ant hill, the burrows and tunnels of vietcong guerillas. and there as always, their sex splayed on the screens, in the center folds, in the folds of my own perennial monads, there like the jet stream, constant and predicable. and the rugs, no longer magic carpet rides, but naugahyde, plush seminal synthetic pile weaves of haste. and them and then and me and—here and there. I wanted to teach to touch the other, to touch to teach the other. I could see the reminders, the urges in squares and triangles. I could see the reincarnate in umbers, greens, and in inconsistent circles...the real ones...the imaginary ones disturbed me. They were complex—the circle ones imaginary. The ones with the real centers—that wasn't disturbing, is disturbing and is unimaginary. It was the borders, the imaginary—whether I could see them, or as they say, peep holes were provided.

They were there, the hordes, mobs, the walking wounded mongers and nomads rendezvousing with the furniture, with the past They, the big they, the faceless they, those elected to do things and then in-turn eat pork. they get started on features they said, spoke, started in again on those ground down pejoratives, those ground up hierarchies, those do-it-yourselfers, those seamless microcosms, those for indoor plumbing those that never lost in an open plane enigma, that place, the imaginary, they were real. Also real. Just like the real. Made up. Imaginary. imaginary real. (I knew now I needed more than four colors.) I knew now I needed more contrast, less division, more slips, downfalls and earthquakes, I needed to drown in my own blood, to produce certain subdivision in amours antivirus. They

said it was not a necessary. they said never mind the talking rabbit, they said many things.

tri-two

There being five on the bed. How were so many elsewhere, and the echoes...the sets of them and the headache...a certified labyrinthine headache with ambrosia auras. They were penetrating me; it was medical. I had lost touch, and they were five of so many. I could not find an orifice of myself...the organs here and there...the then of them. My sex had escaped. This disturbed me. They disturbed me...they and their sex...no organs, no orifices...it's electrifying—I'm terrified. Where was their sex...the mobs, matters, martyrs, measures, monads, medicine and missing markers? They were bodies without markers...all missing the little tags and logos those...those five of them being on the bed—or not being or so many—the five touching or not touching. I could not visualize this enough then, or some.

One said five was a number. A second said five was a Hindu invention. A third said abstract—a noun—white beyond white, perfect...the fourth said it was a wrong. Five is not a perfect. Six is the smallest perfect. The fifth said it's commutative, three sexes plus two sexes plus one sexes—perfect. I could not attend to them. The bed was made or unmade. They said fifty unmade years from the time of conception. I needed my map. I surely needed five colors. But this was not perfect—neither were the sexes. I remembered I couldn't remember my organs or orifices and wondered about their sexes—the multiplicity of it all—and the rugs—the here and the there of them, now. I counted them. The rugs were seven, this many...

They asked of the dimensions...zero, or the point with no part...one, or the line with no breadth...the two of the plane...the three of the sphere...zero plus one plus two plus three equals six (perfect)...or the four of time? They asked if it mattered and said it's a map—make the regions with lines; the lines will be borders, meeting in points, and no more than four colors, and if you want proof invent a bad map that needs five, like this...

It was a map in five colors, and they shrank one to a point, the thing with no part, and adding the space back could use only four, but one wasn't enough—one bad map, not even a jail full, would do. It took a computer...the calculations were endless...and this was a problem 'cause the rulers of rules...the staters of state...the arboreal binaries rooted and hierarchical...said its not real if you can't do it by hand. I am disturbed...countless maps yet only four colors. But they invent things. In time of need they invent things—like itself by itself—imaginary. This is complex. I plus an imaginary they. I am not the imaginary part of it. No, no a small "i." Perhaps in italics. I plus a small "i" perhaps in italics times them. I am the real part. They are real also,

but they times the small “i” is imaginary. This operates them imaginary. No, this rules them imaginary. Not quite, this defines them imaginary. No. This imaginary defines them. This is complex. I am sure that this has something to do with their sex and my sex...

I can't believe the parts aren't unimportant...and the orifices and organs and markers.... It was John Adams, “...measures are a necessary...,” and I wanted to measure my markers and parts. If they wouldn't help me, I'd get a surveyor who assembles and assesses and plans and implements on, above or below the surface...who determines size and shape and contour and positions objects in space...the here and there of it...who produces plans, maps, files, charts and reports—the boundaries and the registration with the appropriate—on, above or below the surface to the end that the relevant legal, economic, environmental and social aspects, the then and now of them, affect the result.

I sought some out...I asked them...well, they said the same thing...the colors are four no matter how many maps. I am disturbed...missing those all-encompassing assumptions and dictums of zeal...the bed may be dirty, and my sex has escaped...it's so complex and imaginary, but it can't be if there aren't any, or as much so, just, and the projections and distortions.

five minutes to late

there being five or broken or six was the marker, a permanent label I war around my neck as a reminder. the corners and contenders were all a part of this permanent down deep in the earth's colder than the three of myselfes . . . the organs here and there, numbered, labeled, and stacked. No. This is no longer magic blueprints, plus three affects, three echoes, and the three of what can't be counted, by ship or sea . . . this is a revisitation of the same old map... no more abstraction, just degradation downfalls or frustrated flipbacks.

I was about their sex . . . they wanted bodies with markers... missing those alllllll-encompassing multiple-choice assumptions, those alllllll-encompassing infinities . . . those alllllll-allegoric philosophies, tearful unions and a royal strait. shows of what it does... by itself—imaginary, an unfortold museum of multiplicity. This is complex or a necessity....” I need the faceless they or computer calculations, numbers to burn on the banks of the ganges.

I got started in koranic axioms, biblical whodunits. which left a taste without a mouth. I sought second said abstract nouns I could use as a gyrating bed of wax — not perfect—neither complex, but laden in dependable variables and imaginary definitions. I asked me what I have known by myself. This is them. I called this like sex...like the parts not on a map. I wanted to swerve off a surveyor's practices.

create supplemental sets of endless attachments, abstract tensions, distortions and the multiplicity of bodies without markers . . . all missing those hierarchical— cash cow conglomerate commissions.

they said I should by itself re-member the rug, the hand, and those numerable orifices on bulletin board units. I trusted neither the end, or the obscure anywhere, I had lost touch, I needed more, perhaps points, more escape routes, more contortionist with unmentionable taboos. logos of wax, a relative position with reverse decisions. I need a cost effective italic hindu intervention. A third rate registration into a one act asylum, with minimal criminal orifice assessments. No, no longer fifty unmade, two plus two or even the four which is like supplementary syphilis, I sought electrifying organs to engulfs the end of time.

Take 5

I am here and I am there because of my sex. The bed is there. (Does it disturb you that the bed is made or unmade, dirty or clean, conceived or inconceivable?) They experienced the same—they are also here and they are also there because their sex. The same can be said for the rugs, only the here and there of them, seven. I would forsake the map.

It was back to "...and being." It was metaphysics and mind problems and centuries of efforts, the groping and grasping of them, the smells and secretions of them, the twistings and turnings of them all bathed with slippery, behind or above the eyes and ears within, inside or there perhaps. It was clear I needed the free play of intellect not collared and chained by the necessary of handling measures. Like they said, and the surveyors.

They said it was logic; they said it was math. They said it was Hilbert who said say at all times—penises, vaginas, and wine glasses instead of points, straight lines, and planes—or the other, say penises, vaginas and wine glasses instead of points, straight lines, and planes—or spheres or curves for that matter. It isn't that the traditional picture isn't useful; it's merely not essential. (Well I knew better; I knew Hilbert. Penises, vaginas, and wine glasses never came up; it was tables, chairs, and beer mugs. I had read it.) And they said forget maps; make bridges; think of graphs.

I sit made or unmade; I am disturbed. I am about sex, and without it the here and the there may be not. My sex and their sex and them and me—I wanted each to touch the other. The sameness intrigued me. And the rugs, I look at the rugs—seven—and see rivers and bridges and maybe a path. The bed is an island, and the sheets are damp...the floating points and lines, the irrationals and imaginaries, the commutatives on or below the surface lost in graphs of conception...

BIOGRAPHYS

Sherman Souther an M.F.A. graduate of Naropa University. Recent translations and poetry appear in "Many Mountains Moving" and "For Immediate Release." He lives and works in Honolulu.

Chris Martin is a complete dolt when the receiver intrudes. He is halfway between San Francisco and New York, shuffling the snow of St. Paul with Hockey Night Girls. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in can we have our ball back, Swerve, Fuori, VeRT, Boog City, Old Gold, Accurate Key, and on Puppy Flowers, an online journal that he co-edits. A book of his in collaboration with Caroline Miller, This is Going to Be a Long Courtship, will be out sometime next year from Single Press in Milwaukee.

kari edwards is a poet, artist and gender activist, winner of New Langton Art's Bay Area Award in literature(2002), author of *a day in the life of p.*, by subpress collective (2002), *a diary of lies - Belladonna #27* by Balladonna Books (2002), *Electric Spandex: anthology of writing the queer text*, Pyriform Press (2002), and *post/(pink)* Scarlet Press (2001). sie is also the poetry editor I.F.G.E's Transgender - *Tapestry: a International Publication on Transgender issues*. hir work has been exhibited throughout the united states, including denver art museum, new orleans contemporary art museum, university of california-san diego, and university of massachusetts - amherst. edwards' work can also be found in *Blood and Tears: an anthology on Matthew Shepard*, Painted leaf Press (2000), *Aufgabe, Fracture, Bombay Gin, Belight Fiction, In Posse, Mirage/Period(ical), Van Gogh's Ear, PuppyFlower, Vert*, 88: A Journal of Contemporary American Poetry, Shampoo, xStream, Big Bridge, Nerve Lantern, FIR at potz.com, muse-apprentice-guild, Panic, Avoid Strange Men, and *The International Journal of Sexuality and Gender Studies*.